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GEO. D. PRENTICE, Editors.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,  
OF NEW JERSEY.  
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
GEO. H. PENDLETON,  
OF OHIO.

ELECTORAL TICKET.  
STATE AT LARGE.  
FRANK WOLFORD, of Casey.  
THORNTON F. MARSHALL, of Bracken.  
FIRST DISTRICT.  
T. A. DUKE, of McCracken.  
SECOND DISTRICT.  
B. L. RITTER, of Christian.  
THIRD DISTRICT.  
J. T. WINFREY, of Cumberland.  
FOURTH DISTRICT.  
J. P. BARBOUR, of Washington.  
FIFTH DISTRICT.  
W. F. BULLOCK, of Jefferson.  
SIXTH DISTRICT.  
A. H. WARD, of Harrison.  
SEVENTH DISTRICT.  
GEO. S. SHANKLIN, of Jessamine.  
EIGHTH DISTRICT.  
W. A. HOSKINS, of Garrard.  
NINTH DISTRICT.  
HARRISON TAYLOR, of Mason.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1864.

Despatches received from Tennessee up to 3 o'clock yesterday, will be found on our first page. Our special from Murfreesboro says Forrest's scouts were seen near Bell Buckle in the northern part of Bedford county on Monday, and that Gen. Williams, of Wheeler's force, was supposed to be at Sparta in White county, while both detachments will make an effort to concentrate their forces, estimated at 15,000, with 20 cannon, for the purpose of inflicting injury on the railroad. Gen. Rousseau reached Pulaski, Giles county, at 3 P.M. on Monday, and Forrest was within seven miles of that place and advancing, with heavy skirmishing by the advance of both forces until after dark. There was cavalry fighting all yesterday forenoon, and we may expect to hear of a general engagement, in which we have every confidence that Rousseau will severely punish Forrest.

It appears, has made a movement towards the Alabama line, with the intention probably of making a detour to reach the rear of Sherman, but the vigilant cap of Atlanta is prepared at all points, and if he can catch the rebels in an open field fight he will annihilate them. Many of the general officers who have been absent from Georgia on short parole, have been ordered to report immediately for duty, which shows that active work may speedily be expected.

Sheridan, like an eagle, has been swooping up the valley of the Shenandoah and scaring the rebel kite from their plunder. On Saturday at midnight he had driven them from Mount Jackson or Third Hill, but was unable to bring on a general engagement, as his cavalry was employed elsewhere, and it was therefore impossible to hold the fleet-footed scampers. The rout from Winchester has been complete as far down as Newmarket on the lower edge of the Shenandoah county; every town contained a rebel hospital, and the roads were filled with abandoned muskets. The rebel army is disorganized, a very large majority of its officers are prisoners, and the remnant is running not for a stronger position but for final escape. Gen. Crook's passage over the North Mountain, and his flank attack on the rebel entrencheds at Fisher's Hill, as planned by Sheridan, must be regarded as one of the most brilliant achievements of the war; and the beautiful co-operation extended by Ricketts's division of the 6th corps in a simultaneous charge upon the rebel left front, while Getty and Wheaton, with the remaining divisions of the corps, went in on the centre and right, made the victory decisive and brilliant. Between two and three thousand rebels threw down their arms, and twenty cannon were captured. Early's army was nearly 25,000 strong, and very nearly half of it is in our hands as prisoners. "Out Lynchburg" is the enthusiastic cry of the victors, and their advance, when last heard from, was at Hartsburg, the county town of Rockingham, and about seventy-five miles from the objective point, where the last hope of rebel supplies will be destroyed. Heaven speed the onward march of Sheridan and his heroic legions!

DEATH OF THOMAS F. MARSHALL.—The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall died on the 23d instant at his residence, near Versailles, Woodford county, Ky., aged, we think, about sixty-four years.

Mr. Marshall's name is a familiar thing throughout the nation. He was a wild and wayward man of talent and genius. In his youth he was a steady and most earnest student, devoting himself to the various branches of a classical education and displaying his mental powers with extraordinary diligence and success by way of preparation for the grand arena of life, where intellect encounters intellect and mind grapples with mind. Men who heard him speak at the age of twenty had no doubt that he would live, if spared by Providence, to be one of the master-spirits of the country. And, had he been true and just to himself and to the high and noble faculties vouchsafed to him by God, he would have fulfilled all the loftier expectations entertained of him. But he met in early manhood with a keen and bitter disappointment, which, deeply stinging his sensitive, impatient, and proud nature, and blunting, as by a dash of light, caused him to seek relief by quaffing at the poison-fountain of which millions of gifted spirits have bowed and died.

Thomas F. Marshall's spirit did not perish. His genius was like Greek fire; nothing could quench it. Though he never wholly overcame for any great length of time, even by his most resolute and determined efforts, his one unfortunate habit, he became a very distinguished man. He pursued the practice of law in this city for several years commencing in 1831, but with only partial success, his irregularities being an obstacle that he distinguished himself here, and unquestionably he reigned without a rival. Every man who lived here then and still survives has a vivid and glowing remembrance of his displays of power. Men think of him and muse upon him as he appeared to them in the long past, and they fancy themselves gazing upon a bright star seen through a golden haze. He was sent by this city to the State Legislature, we think in 1834, and in that body he made many speeches some of which would have been regarded as great and remarkable in any deliberative or other assemblage in the world. Some years afterward he went from the Ashland District to Congress, and by his brilliant though erratic displays in that body, he attracted the attention of the country, and, although he probably failed, from personal and political aberrations, to exercise any very great influence, he at least commanded universal admiration, mingled in most instances with deep regret that such noble intellectual energies as he possessed should not make their eagle-home in the high, pure air of truth and patriotism and statesmanship, instead of stooping so often among the thick fog and the reeking fogs of recklessness and even narrow partisanship.

We never in our lives listened to an orator, who, in our opinion, had greater resources in debate than Thos. F. Marshall. They were inexpressible, and rendered him unconquerable. If he could not succeed with one wea-

pon, he would try another, for all weapons were at his command. He had a wonderful knowledge of the world's history and the political history of the United States; he had a lightning eye to detect a weak point in an antagonist, and the intuition to strike it with mazing and fatal precision; and he possessed all the varied powers of wit, humor, eloquence, pathos, and logic. He scattered his gems of every kind around him on all occasions almost as profusely as Nature scatters her flower seeds. But his taste and judgment were not unfrequently at fault. He was sometimes slow when he should have been, loquacious, and often coarsely or grossly humorous when he should have been great. We think that the public's misunderstanding of his mind, and that even he, to some extent, mistook it himself. The people seemed to think, and so did he, that his greatest powers were wit, humor, fancy, poesy, eloquence. He had all these, but his chief power was none of these; it was argument, logic, stern, inexorable, cast-steel logic. His other powers, great as they were, were but adorments of the limbs of his giant-logic.

"Poor Tom's a cold," says one of the characters in King Lear with singular pathos. And we can readily repeat the humble but touching phrase. The ever-bounding heart is cold and still. The burning volcano is quenched. The aches and the memory alone remain.

The statement, published by us yesterday, of some of the portions of the report of the Commission appointed by Major-General Burnside to investigate matters at Paducah has been read with bitter indignation. The commissioners General S. S. Fry and Colonel Brown are officers and men of irreproachable characters, and General Burnside will not be suspected of any unkindness toward Mr. Lincoln.

We are not surprised that the Hon. (that term is prostituted!) Lucien Anderson is reported as among the persons who were "guilty of corruption" and were sharers with General Palino in his swindling transaction. Ever since Lucien Anderson got himself elected to Congress upon strong conservative pledges, and, on arriving at Washington, turned abolitionist and voted in all instances for abolition men and abolition measures, we have known him to be a scoundrel. We have felt assured that he was guilty of corruption in that case, and that he could consequently be corrupted in any case, if indeed what is thoroughly corrupt admits of being corrupted. Undoubtedly the corruption just brought to light, including the sharing of the body of an officer, soldier and swindler, is no worse than the corruption which induced him to prove a son of his, his right, and his master, and the perfidious betrayor of his constituents and of the sacred cause of the nation. Let the abolition organ, which has hitherto defended him so warmly, disown him hotly now if it fails to uphold his worthy purposes. They have not breathed a word against the myriad of corruption of their political friends, and why shouldn't they not defend poor Anderson?

We have been told that Anderson would have been told that the commission probably of making a detour to reach the rear of Sherman, but the vigilant cap of Atlanta is prepared at all points, and if he can catch the rebels in an open field fight he will annihilate them. Many of the general officers who have been absent from Georgia on short parole, have been ordered to report immediately for duty, which shows that active work may speedily be expected.

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JUDGE OF THE WHOLE FROM THE SPECIMEN WHICH IS FURNISHED.—Of the barefaced truth with which the abolition sheet in this city continually furnishes us, we furnish the following:

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